

MEXICO DIRECTORY.

HENRY C. RIDER,
Publisher DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Job
work of all kinds, executed on short
notice with neatness and dispatch.

STONE, ROBINSON & CO.,
Main St., Manufacturers of Clothing
to Order, and Dealers in Dry Goods,
Ready made Clothing, Hats, Caps,
Boots & Shoes, Oil Cloths, etc. 34

E. L. HUNTINGTON,
Dealer in Drugs, Paints, Oils & Varnish,
Books, Stationery, Clocks, Watchcases,
Jewelry, Silver and Plated-ware.
Main street. 34

THOMAS PEPPER,
Manufacturer of first-class heavy, fine
and fancy, pegged and sewed Boots,
Shoes. Repairing neatly done. Opposite
the Post-office. 34

JACOB T. BROWN,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in all kinds
of heavy light, and fancy Harnesses,
Saddle and Double Lep-rob's, Blankets
and all other articles kept by the
trade. Main street. 34

BARKER BROS.,
Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meat, also
Manufacturers of and dealers in Patent
Water Drawers and pumps for
wells and cisterns.

WM. H. HALL,
Barber and Hair Dresser. Particular
attention paid to Shampooing, and
the cutting of ladies' and children's
hair. Shop on Main street. 34

CHAS. BEEBE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office
in Morse & Irish's Insurance office
Main street. 34

JOHN BROWN,
Dealer in Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal,
Lamb and all kinds of meat. Temple's
old stand, corner of Main and Washington
streets. 34

S. PARKHURST,
Keeps the largest and best assortment
of Boots, Shoes and Rubber goods.
Satisfaction given as to quality and
price. Opposite Post-office.

G. G. TUBBS.
Jeweler. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry
repaired. All work promptly attended
to and warranted. Shop in Goit &
Castle's store. 34

GEO. P. JOHNSON, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office over Goit & Castle's. Orders
left on SLATE will receive prompt
attention. Sleeps in office. 36

C. W. RADWAY, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND
SURGEON.
Office over Norton's store, Main St.,
Mexico. Office hours 9 to 10
a. m., and 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p. m. All
calls will receive prompt attention.

G. A. PENFIELD,
MANUFACTURER OF
Cutters, Sleighs, &c., and first-class
Covered or Open Browsster Buggies, or
Road Wagons. Repairing done on
the shortest notice. 48

B. S. STONE & CO.,
DEALERS IN

General Hardware, Stoves, Tin, Copper
and sheet-iron ware. Agents for
Oliver's Patent Chilled and Lawrence
& Chapin's Diamond Iron Plows.
Main street, Mexico, N. Y. 71

H. H. DOBSON,

DENTIST.

Nitrous oxide or laughing gas, for extracting
teeth without pain, always on hand. All work warranted at the lowest
living prices. Office over H. C. Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y. 34

MANUAL ALPHABET AND CALLING CARDS COMBINED

We have on hand for Deaf-mutes or
others so desiring, calling cards of any
size or quality, having on the reverse
side the Manual Alphabet, which many
people would be pleased to learn.

PRICE LIST.

25 Cards, with name, 25 cents.
50 " " " 50 "
100 " " " \$1.00

EMANUEL SOUWEINE,

Designer and Engraver on wood,
169 Elm Street, CINCINNATI, O.
Creates a specialty of the Deaf-Mute Alphabet,
Monograms, Signatures, etc., etc.

SUBSCRIBE for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—Only \$1.50 a year.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1878.

NUMBER 52.

POETRY.

Crow-Which?

A Cabin's side,
At eventide:
The traveler seeking shelter there:
"Keep you all night?"
Sartin, Judge, light,
Such as we have we share.

"Jones are our name."
"Squire Jones?" "The same."
You quainted much this way?
Sal, fetch a chair;
You bin out 'thar,
Give that you hose some hay."

Of rooms but two
Has Jones, and few
His household goods, and poor,—
Two chairs, one bed—
His guests instead
Have "shakedowns" on the floor.

Yet here, forsooth,
This man uncouth
Has pictures twenty-three!
Cheap prints and small
Save one and all—
A chromo, that of Lee.

The traveler says,
With wondering gaze:
"You're fond of fine arts, Squire?"
"Pictrur's? Oh, Sal,
My eldest gal,
Hez a hanterin' for themثار."

"That chromo's fine:
If it were mine,
I'd deem myself quite rich,
As doubtless you.
My friend, now do—"
"Beg pardning, Judge, crow-which?"

"Cro-mo, that one—
The South's true son;
Of course you hold that dear."
"Cro-mo!" says he,
"That's old Bob Lee,—
I fit under him four year!"

[Scribner.

STORY TELLER.

FARMER SPANGLES.

HOW HIS AMBITION TO GO TO THE LEGISLATURE WAS CURED.

Spangles is a well-to-do farmer who
lives in a neighboring town, and a
more respectable, intelligent, wide-
awake man of his age it would be hard
to find. His farm is well stocked, the
buildings are nicely painted, the fences
are in excellent order, and thrif and
worldly prosperity are seen on every
hand. Spangles has keen, bright eyes,
grizzly hair, wrinkled skin, hands hard
and brown with toil, but his teeth are
white and sound, and when he laughs
there is a wholesome, honest flavor
about his countenance that impresses
you at once in his favor. Spangles is
something of a politician, a Republican,
who believed early in anti-slavery
doctrines, and when the war came
stood by the old flag and sent his son
to fight for his country. All the politicians,
the young and growing statesmen,
know Spangles and owe him a
debt of gratitude. For he has borne
more oratory without flinching to the
square inch, during the last twenty-
five years, than any man of our
acquaintance. The little old schoolhouse
in his neighborhood—and sometimes
the husband and wife, and the Spangles
homestead. With neither poverty nor
riches, with no debts to worry, or unsatisfied
lodgings for wealth or worldly
luxuries, with health and competency,
there seemed no reason why such a
household should not be the abode of
happiness and peace.

So it was until one unfortunate day
Spangles became ambitious. From
that moment he was an altered man.
An anxious look took possession of his
usual sunny and open countenance.
He took long drives from home.
Sometimes he was absent a night, then
again for two. There was a secret
between the husband and wife, and the
knowledge of it seemed to poison the
air. But so important a change could
not escape explanation, and the truth
was finally told. Spangles was a can-
didate for the Legislature. His eye
was on Albany. He felt within him-
self that all these years he had been
overlooked while lesser men than he
had been elected to office. Their
names appeared in his daily *Herald*,
and once his neighbor printed a long
and quite interesting speech upon a
matter of National interest, delivered
by him in the Legislature. What
in some instances he has been
known to take the speaker home to his
hospitable dwelling, and heap upon
him the good things of life in boun-
tiful profusion. It was worth living
for to see Spangles on Sabbath day
arrayed in shining black, his spotless
shirt front ironed with *je-sus*, his gray
hair brushed elaborately off
his forehead, his boots carefully polished,
and the whole man encased in
Sunday dignity and spotless respect-
ability, walk up the middle aisle of
the meeting house, followed by his
family, and take his seat in the uncom-
fortable pew. When that time came
the neighbors ceased their outside
conversation, the little groups of
friendly people separated, and all re-
paired quietly to the sanctuary, and
the clergyman knew his time for begin-
ning service had come. When the
minister gave out the hymn, and the
choir burst into some old-fashioned
tune like Majesty or Uxbridge, then,
with silver-bowed spectacles on his
nose, the large print page before
him, Spangles would join in such
heart and earnest praise, in a voice
of no mean compass a musical power,
that it did one's heart good to see and
hear him. Once we heard him sing
with such grand effect those lines:

And on the wings of eighty winds
Full royally he rode,
that the little church seemed really
full of dignity as well as melody. We
rather looked about with an uneasy
apprehension that something unusual
might happen, but all went off safely.
It will thus be seen that Spangles was

not only a man of importance among
his own people, but a public benefactor,
and in all respects a man to be sought
after, admired and made much of by all
men who have political aspirations or
ambitious desires for promotion and
public honors.

Mr. Spangles was in the habit of
leaving butter with our family. It was
just such butter as such a man would
be supposed to sell. Yellow was no
name for it. It oftentimes fairly
glistened with a dazzling splendor, as
roll after roll, cool, hard, sweet and
beautiful, dropped from the clean linen
wrappers into the sunlight upon the
table. No buttercup growing by a
spring daisy looked cleaner, and no
dandelion had a richer or more velvet-
like golden lustre. It was butter
worthy the genius of Mrs. Spangles
herself; and a healthier nature than
that possessed by Mrs. Spangles would
be hard to find. Round and rosy in
person as one of her own pippin
apples, matronly, generous, hospitable
and cheerful, her dairy, with its shin-
ing pans, its scores of wooden pails,
bowls, and churns positively challeng-
ed the visitor to find one speck of
dirt; her house so neat, orderly and
comfortable. Mrs. Spangles was just
such a wholesome-looking, motherly
person as sensible men recognize as
worthy the highest consideration. It
required only a glance to know that
in sickness or in health, in good
report or evil report, she could be relied
upon as a woman equal to any emergency,
and people say she had a knack
of having her own way and making
everybody do just as she wanted, and
nobody ever seemed to know it or
care any thing about it. We always
liked that woman, and take this public
manner of saying so.

Should you visit her house in June
you will find the porch covered with
royal roses, while the honeysuckle
spreads its clinging arms over doors
and windows, and the air is filled with
delightful odors. The bees swarm in
countless numbers, making honey
while the sun shines, but so carefully
have they been reared that not even a
stranger provokes them to combat.
The great fields are full of waving
wheat, the grass grows rich and strong,
the orchard bids fair to fill the fruit
house with apples of every variety,
and the meadow beyond the barns lies
like a picture of beauty, with its luxuriant
carpet of green, dotted here and
there with sleek, well-fed cows and
cattle of every description. Such was
Spangles, his wife, and the Spangles
homestead. With neither poverty nor
riches, with no debts to worry, or unsatisfied
lodgings for wealth or worldly
luxuries, with health and competency,
there seemed no reason why such a
household should not be the abode of
happiness and peace.

So it was until one unfortunate day
Spangles became ambitious. From
that moment he was an altered man.
An anxious look took possession of his
usual sunny and open countenance.
He took long drives from home.
Sometimes he was absent a night, then
again for two. There was a secret
between the husband and wife, and the
knowledge of it seemed to poison the
air. But so important a change could
not escape explanation, and the truth
was finally told. Spangles was a can-
didate for the Legislature. His eye
was on Albany. He felt within him-
self that all these years he had been
overlooked while lesser men than he
had been elected to office. Their
names appeared in his daily *Herald*,
and once his neighbor printed a long
and quite interesting speech upon a
matter of National interest, delivered
by him in the Legislature. What
in some instances he has been
known to take the speaker home to his
hospitable dwelling, and heap upon
him the good things of life in boun-
tiful profusion. It was worth living
for to see Spangles on Sabbath day
arrayed in shining black, his spotless
shirt front ironed with *je-sus*, his gray
hair brushed elaborately off
his forehead, his boots carefully polished,
and the whole man encased in
Sunday dignity and spotless respect-
ability, walk up the middle aisle of
the meeting house, followed by his
family, and take his seat in the uncom-
fortable pew. When that time came
the neighbors ceased their outside
conversation, the little groups of
friendly people separated, and all re-
paired quietly to the sanctuary, and
the clergyman knew his time for begin-
ning service had come. When the
minister gave out the hymn, and the
choir burst into some old-fashioned
tune like Majesty or Uxbridge, then,
with silver-bowed spectacles on his
nose, the large print page before
him, Spangles would join in such
heart and earnest praise, in a voice
of no mean compass a musical power,
that it did one's heart good to see and
hear him. Once we heard him sing
with such grand effect those lines:

And on the wings of eighty winds
Full royally he rode,

that the little church seemed really
full of dignity as well as melody. We
rather looked about with an uneasy
apprehension that something unusual
might happen, but all went off safely.
It will thus be seen that Spangles was

not only a man of importance among
his own people, but a public benefactor,
and in all respects a man to be sought
after, admired and made much of by all
men who have political aspirations or
ambitious desires for promotion and
public honors.

whom so many had sued for favors was
now a suppliant. And when days and
weeks had been spent in town, the
traveler would come upon his horse
and wagon in different parts of the
country.

Time ran on and the convention was
about to assemble. There was no ob-
jection to Spangles. In all respects
he was well fitted for the position,
would have made a sensible member
of any Legislature, everybody prom-
ised him their support, and Spangles
not only felt himself already sure of
election, but visions of the next Sena-
torship, possibly Congress itself, began
to excite his imagination. The farm
was forgotten, the butter was left at
home or packed in firkins for the
neighboring storekeeper. The farm
so tidy and well kept, began to as-
sume a neglected appearance, the rosy
face of the best of women began to grow
thin and troubled, and a nervous, anxious
look took the place of the old contented
sunshine of her countenance. Occasion-
ally we met Spangles himself. There was
a jaunty air about him entirely new.
Once we suspected he had been drink-
ing beer or whiskey. But the
horrible thought was too much for us
and we banished it at once. Still there
was a change in Spangles, and even his
clothing lost something of country
simplicity and put on a cunning city
air, as though the wearer would assert
himself a traveled man. All this, in
our mind, boded no good for Spangles.

But all things finally come to an
end, and so they did with Spangles.
The convention met, and our friend,
confident in hope, fresh in attire, early
in the field, his honest brown hands
filled with tickets on which his honest
name was fully and most temptingly
printed, was ready for contest. The
chairman was elected, made his speech,
and secretaries were appointed. A
little sprig of the law, with a small
throat and a very loud voice, arose and
moved that the Representatives to be
chosen be apportioned in a peculiar
manner to the different parts of the
county, and if the Senator was selected
from one part of the county it should
count instead of a Representative
from that portion. The motion was
so fair that it met universal approval,
but it tolled the knell of Spangles' ex-
pectations. The Senator was chosen

"The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes"
is the name of a society organized and
incorporated in the year 1872. Its
President is Bishop Potter, of New
York. Of its twenty-five trustees six
are deaf-mutes. Seven clergymen of
the Episcopal Church are more or less
actively engaged under its auspices.
Two of them are deaf-mutes, and they
are the only clergymen of their class
in the entire world at the present
time.

Mr. Mann was formerly a tin-smith
in this city, and fourteenth year
in his trade for Mr. Blystone.
In his ministerial labors he is accom-
plishing a great deal of good, and the
liturgical form of worship of the Epis-
copal Church is peculiarly adapted
to the wants of this class of people.
In the service last night the rector
read the service as usual, while the Rev.
Mr. Mann, standing beside him, inter-
preted to the deaf-mutes present with
perfect ease and without retarding the
service in the least. In speaking with
one of the mutes after the service, he
told us he understood every word, (to
such perfection has the sign language
been reduced,) and was much pleased,
and that the services, so new and
strange to him, yet perfectly intelligible,
would be considered by him as one
of the events of his life.

From the fifth annual report of the
Mission, which was handed us, we
make the following extract: The soci-
ety has established some twenty-five
missions for adult mutes in different
parts of the country, reaching directly
upwards of one thousand persons.
They are influencing the whole com-
munity of about 25,000 in the country
in favor of the church which uses the
book of Common Prayer, which they
can read after their education.

The society also supports a home
for aged and infirm deaf-mutes at 220
East Thirteenth street, New York.
"The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL" is a weekly
newspaper published in Mexico, Oswego
Co., N. Y., by Mr. Henry C. Rider,
himself a deaf-mute. It is filled with
information relative to deaf-mutes
throughout our own country and for-
eign lands.

After the service Mr. Mann, made
a short address to the mutes, principally
historical of the work and progress of
the missions.

Many persons remained after the con-
clusion of the services to exchange
greetings and a few words with Mr.
Mann, and the service, the first of the
kind in this section, seemed to be of
great and unusual interest to all pres-
ent, and for the sake of the deaf-mutes
of this country it is to be hoped that
Mr. Mann will be enabled to pay us
another visit ere long.—*Meadville Daily Reporter*, Dec. 18, 1878.

In Brookline, Mass., the Overseer
of the Poor is a woman, and there is
one woman in the Boston Board of
School Commissioners.

The number of physicians in Prus-
sia in 1878 was 8,223; of surgeons 149,
and of dentists 251. The number of
inhabitants was 25,724,404.

Governor Wade Hampton, who
met with a very serious accident and
in consequence was compelled to suffer
amputation of a leg, is very cheerful
and his entire recovery is thought to
be only a question of time.

When the school-rooms are furnish-

THE WESTERN NEW YORK IN-<

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DEC. 26, 1878.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS, \$1.50

One copy, one year, \$1.50

25¢ Cubes of ten, 1.25

If not paid within six months, 2.50

These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.

TERMS, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

62 A prominent feature of the JOURNAL is its "Mutual Auxiliary," the object of which is to render pecuniary aid to the heirs, or assigns, of its deceased subscribers. The plan, briefly, is as follows: Every subscriber of the JOURNAL who is in good health at the time of subscribing, having paid one year's subscription in advance, and continuing a regularly paid-up yearly subscription, will be enrolled a member of the "Mutual Auxiliary." Upon the death of any such subscriber the present proprietors and the future proprietors of the JOURNAL, upon receiving satisfactory information of such death, will transmit, within thirty days after the expiration of the year, (the year commencing April 1st and ending March 31st,) to the heirs, or assigns, of such deceased subscriber the sum of 25 cents for each subscription received for the JOURNAL—thus: if the subscription list of the JOURNAL amounts to 1,000 subscribers the said heirs, or assigns, will receive the sum of \$250; if 2,000 subscribers, \$500; if 50,000 subscribers, \$12,500, and so on. If two or more deaths occur within the year the said sum shall be equally divided and forwarded to the heirs, or assigns, of each of the deceased. In case, however, no death occurs during the year the said sum or sum shall accrue to the benefit of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. It will be seen that this is an unparalleled inducement to subscribers, considering that they will also receive one of the most interesting, and cheapest papers published in America. A certificate of membership to the subscribers' "Mutual Auxiliary" will be sent to each paid-up subscriber, and such subscribers shall remain in good standing, and entitled to its benefits, so long as they renew, regularly, their yearly subscriptions.

This Auxiliary plan is no "catch-penny concern," but is devised with intentions most honorable, namely: For the purpose of enlarging the circulation of the paper, and building up a fund for the benefit of the heirs of its patrons.

63 Many hearing people take the JOURNAL, all of whom place a high estimate on its worth. Now, if many more would subscribe for it they would be helping the paper, the deaf-mute subscribers, and be benefiting themselves.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

The undersigned, a resident of—county, being in good health, and desiring to become a member of the "Mutual Auxiliary," herewith encloses one dollar and fifty cents as his subscription to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and promises to pay one dollar and fifty cents every year, in advance, as his subscription to the same during his natural life; or, failing to make such payments, to forfeit all claims against the "Mutual Auxiliary."

For the benefit of—Subscriber.

187

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,

Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Notice of acceptance—J. T. Turner, Esq., 29th application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Kind readers and all our friends, once more we tender you each and all a warm, cheerful, merry Christmas.

Again we welcome with joyful hearts and tuneful notes the glad day that reminds us of the birth on earth of Christ the Savior of sinners. To-day brings us near in sympathy with that night on which the shepherds, guarding their flocks, forsook transitory pursuits and followed the Star that led them to Bethlehem to "behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world,"—the time when the profound astrologers of the East gathered at the cradle in the manger to worship the new-born King; when prophets realized their glorious vision, and angels shouted hallelujahs to God on high at the appearance on earth of the God-man, the Redeemer, the mediator between sin-cursed man and an offended God.

The inauguration of Christmas, characterized by the birth of Jesus of Nazareth, was the inauguration of a day which will ever be a memorable feast of rejoicing down the remotest ages of time.

It matters not whether Christ was born on the day corresponding to our twenty-fifth day of December or on some other day,—indeed it is doubtful whether any chronological calculation can with certainty fix upon the exact date,—the fact remains the same that He was born in an inn in Bethlehem; that He fulfilled His earthly mission—ministered to the poor, healed the sick, raised the dead, opened the eyes of the blind, unstopped the ears of the deaf and loosed the tongue of the dumb; taught in the synagogues; was persecuted by people of all conditions of society and social position; was crucified on Calvary by the Jews—God's chosen people—and was resurrected, or rather took up His own life; and, after a third of a century of earthly existence with mankind, ascended to His Father, having commissioned His disciples to preach His gospel to the whole world.

Such a day, then, commemorative of events which so concern humanity, is worthy of all the homage paid to it by

the Christian nations of the earth, and naturally excites joyousness.

No selfish view of the day and its pleasures are worthy of a Christian heart. This day is an index pointing us to Bethlehem and Calvary. But it is no day for long-faced sentimentalism; it is a day of gladness,—of outbursts of jubilee and of soul-stirring rejoicing.

Almost by instinct the importance of this great holiday feast is wrought in our early lives. It is true that children and many adults scarcely realize the significance of the word CHRISTMAS, yet the grandeur of the day, to a great extent, is felt by the masses of the people, old and young.

Let all make merry, then, and be as happy as we may on this notable day the observance of which is instilled in the human heart by reason of the world-stirring events which give it not only pleasurable remembrance, but elicits praise and thankfulness to Him who gave to the day its exalted prominence. Let childhood jubilate over its well-filled stockings; let youth inhale its pleasures; let strong manhood enter freely into the day's joys; let age and infirmity partake to the fullest of the blessings of the great feast; and to our friends and patrons we send a heart-felt Christmas greeting.

CORRESPONDENCE SHORT.

Our readers will please excuse the lack of the usual amount of interesting matter in our paper this week. Owing to the great snow storm, which has prevailed for several days, the mails have been very badly obstructed, and we doubt not many correspondents' letters have thus been detained on the way and failed to reach us in season for insertion this week. We hope the railroads will be in better condition in a few days, and that next week we may publish many good letters now kept back by the inclement weather.

SUDDEN DEATH OF L. H. CONKLIN.

The startling news of the death of L. H. Conklin, Esq., was conveyed to the citizens of our village early on this Tuesday morning. The community was deeply shocked by the sad and sudden intelligence, but few having been apprized of his sickness.

Mr. Conklin had been somewhat out of health for some time past. On Sunday morning last at about two or three o'clock he was taken very ill, from which he never rallied, but his condition continued to grow worse from that time till his death, which occurred at half-past ten last evening. Mrs. Conklin, who went to Oswego last week, did not reach home until about two hours after her husband's death, when she and other friends arrived by a special train. On Monday morning a message was sent to her notifying her of Mr. Conklin's severe sickness, but as the first train had already departed—the only one which came through during the day, owing to the bad condition of the track—she was obliged to wait in torturing suspense, and finally arrived as above stated.

At the time of his death Mr. Conklin was fifty-six years of age, and had during nearly all his life been a resident of this village. He was a man of large public spirit. He was largely interested in institutions of Christianity, was a communicant of Grace Episcopal Church of this village, and was to a great extent instrumental in its erection. He was alive to every improvement the object of which was to benefit or beautify our village, and his heart and purse were ever open to appeals for aid in behalf of charitable objects. He was well known in political circles, was strictly an adherent of the Republican party, and, if we are correctly informed, would have completed his twenty-first year as Treasurer of Oswego county had he lived till the first day of January, 1879. In his capacity as banker, a business carried on for him for the past ten or twelve years, he was well and favorably known not only in this vicinity, but throughout the county and State. Years ago Mr. Conklin was engaged for some time in the mercantile trade, and in that life business made many warm friends.

As a citizen he was highly esteemed; as a neighbor he was extremely accommodating, especially in cases of sickness; a devoted husband, kind brother, and an indulgent father. The afflicted family has the sympathy of a large number of friends. The funeral services will be held on Friday, December 27th, at the residence at 2:30 p. m., and at Grace Church at 3, and will be conducted under the auspices of the Masonic fraternity, of which Mr. Conklin was a member in high official position, being at his death District Deputy Grand Master of the nineteenth district of this State. The funeral sermon will be delivered by the rector of the church, Rev. Dr. J. Cross.

Principal DeMotte lectured last Sunday and the scholars were all interested in the lecture. He spoke on "Evil thinking, evil speaking, and evil doing." We were all pretty attentive to his lecture, and we all thought it a good one.

I will close, hoping that all will enjoy a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

BISHOP COXE AT THE BUFFALO DEAF-MUTE SERVICE.

The Itemizer.

The following is Bishop Coxe's brief address at Rev. Mr. Mann's service, at St. John's Church, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Friends:—I only knew late this afternoon that Mr. Mann proposed to have a service for mutes. Had I known it sooner I should have prepared something to say to you better than I can now put together in haste. We are preparing for Christmas, by keeping Advent. We believe that He who came is coming again. Unless we are prepared for His next coming we cannot properly honor His birthday. He came to take away our sins; and if we go on in sin we shall be wholly as bad as those Jews who used to welcome Him into the world. Christmas makes young and old happy in some degree; but, oh! how happy all the world would be if men loved God and their Saviour and lived to do as He commands. Sin makes all the unhappiness of mankind. Christians, even when they suffer, are not unhappy. They look for eternal life, with all its peace and joy, and like St. Paul, they reckon the sufferings of this present life a very short affliction before long glory and bliss.

A DOG LOSES HIS VOICE.

Darwin asserts that the barking of dogs is largely a result of domestication. As a servant of speaking man the dog has learned to "speak" also. The London *Examiner* notes an occurrence which shows that the dog may lose his voice by a removal of the com-

mon influence.

A deaf and dumb lady, living in a German city, had as companion a younger woman, who was deaf and dumb. They lived in a small set of rooms opening on the public corridor of the house. Somebody gave the elder lady a little dog as a present. For some time, whenever any body rang the bell at the door, the dog barked to call the attention of his mistress. The dog soon discovered, however, that neither the bell nor the barking made any impression on the women, and he took to the practice of merely pulling one of them by the dress with his teeth, in order to explain that some one was at the door. Gradually the dog ceased to bark altogether, and for more than seven years before his death he remained as mute as his two "companions." When expression by sound was useless, it fell with him into absolute disease.—*Scientific American Supplement*, Nov. 30, 1878.

Walking Match.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Another walking contest, to walk 25 miles in 5 hours, took place between the mute Woolever and a Mr. Wilder last night at Brownsville, N. Y. All the people were out on mass to see the match. Mr. Wilder passed Mr. Woolever several times on the sixth mile, but he was used up on the eighth mile so that he had to leave the track not to return. Mr. Woolever kept on till he had walked 24 miles in 4 hours, 45 minutes and 50 seconds, and they thought it best to take him off the track for he had about 11 minutes and 50 seconds for each of the remaining 4 miles he was to have walked, so he could make the 25 miles in about 4 hours and 30 minutes.

I presume Mr. Woolever aspires to fame, and he means business when he walks any number of miles. I understand that he got \$15 for walking last night. I was much surprised that he could accomplish the 21 miles in less than 4 hours, for he had never been used to walking that distance, and I think he will be a good walker if he practices a little. He is a well proportioned young man. *Je vous assure.*

Yours truly,

C. O. UPHAM.

LETTER FROM THE WISCONSIN INSTITUTION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—There are 144 pupils in this Institution now between the ages of 10 and 25 years. There are 9 teachers besides the superintendent.

We had a snow storm on the 13th of December, and the boys and girls had a splendid time drawing each other and sliding down hill. One of the mutes broke through the ice into the mill pond. He was helped out with a long willow, but lost one of his skates and cut his hands a little in the struggle.

Miss Richer's class passed an examination last Friday, and it was said to be the best that has taken place in the Institution for many years. The class was divided into two divisions. The best division was pretty smart. They read what their teacher said from her lips, and then wrote the words on the slates. They have learned pretty fast under her instruction and that of Miss Eddy. Miss Eddy teaches different classes in articulation and lip-reading.

The snow had covered the ice so that there was no skating last Saturday. The boys have got their ice-boat ready to sail when the time comes.

A. J. Woolbury has moved his goods into Slatt's store, and he looks as if he means business. He was steward in this Institution, but resigned a year ago.

Garret Minert is at home in Albany, Wis. He helps his father there on a farm.

Principal DeMotte lectured last Sunday and the scholars were all interested in the lecture. He spoke on "Evil thinking, evil speaking, and evil doing." We were all pretty attentive to his lecture, and we all thought it a good one.

I will close, hoping that all will enjoy a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

J. F. R.

Delavan, Wis., Dec. 17, 1878.

The following is Bishop Coxe's brief address at Rev. Mr. Mann's service, at St. John's Church, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Friends:—I only knew late this afternoon that Mr. Mann proposed to have a service for mutes. Had I known it sooner I should have prepared something to say to you better than I can now put together in haste. We are preparing for Christmas, by keeping Advent. We believe that He who came is coming again. Unless we are prepared for His next coming we cannot properly honor His birthday. He came to take away our sins; and if we go on in sin we shall be wholly as bad as those Jews who used to welcome Him into the world. Christmas makes young and old happy in some degree; but, oh! how happy all the world would be if men loved God and their Saviour and lived to do as He commands. Sin makes all the unhappiness of mankind. Christians, even when they suffer, are not unhappy. They look for eternal life, with all its peace and joy, and like St. Paul, they reckon the sufferings of this present life a very short affliction before long glory and bliss.

The following is Bishop Coxe's brief address at Rev. Mr. Mann's service, at St. John's Church, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Friends:—I only knew late this afternoon that Mr. Mann proposed to have a service for mutes. Had I known it sooner I should have prepared something to say to you better than I can now put together in haste. We are preparing for Christmas, by keeping Advent. We believe that He who came is coming again. Unless we are prepared for His next coming we cannot properly honor His birthday. He came to take away our sins; and if we go on in sin we shall be wholly as bad as those Jews who used to welcome Him into the world. Christmas makes young and old happy in some degree; but, oh! how happy all the world would be if men loved God and their Saviour and lived to do as He commands. Sin makes all the unhappiness of mankind. Christians, even when they suffer, are not unhappy. They look for eternal life, with all its peace and joy, and like St. Paul, they reckon the sufferings of this present life a very short affliction before long glory and bliss.

The following is Bishop Coxe's brief address at Rev. Mr. Mann's service, at St. John's Church, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Friends:—I only knew late this afternoon that Mr. Mann proposed to have a service for mutes. Had I known it sooner I should have prepared something to say to you better than I can now put together in haste. We are preparing for Christmas, by keeping Advent. We believe that He who came is coming again. Unless we are prepared for His next coming we cannot properly honor His birthday. He came to take away our sins; and if we go on in sin we shall be wholly as bad as those Jews who used to welcome Him into the world. Christmas makes young and old happy in some degree; but, oh! how happy all the world would be if men loved God and their Saviour and lived to do as He commands. Sin makes all the unhappiness of mankind. Christians, even when they suffer, are not unhappy. They look for eternal life, with all its peace and joy, and like St. Paul, they reckon the sufferings of this present life a very short affliction before long glory and bliss.

The following is Bishop Coxe's brief address at Rev. Mr. Mann's service, at St. John's Church, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Friends:—I only knew late this afternoon that Mr. Mann proposed to have a service for mutes. Had I known it sooner I should have prepared something to say to you better than I can now put together in haste. We are preparing for Christmas, by keeping Advent. We believe that He who came is coming again. Unless we are prepared for His next coming we cannot properly honor His birthday. He came to take away our sins; and if we go on in sin we shall be wholly as bad as those Jews who used to welcome Him into the world. Christmas makes young and old happy in some degree; but, oh! how happy all the world would be if men loved God and their Saviour and lived to do as He commands. Sin makes all the unhappiness of mankind. Christians, even when they suffer, are not unhappy. They look for eternal life, with all its peace and joy, and like St. Paul, they reckon the sufferings of this present life a very short affliction before long glory and bliss.

The following is Bishop Coxe's brief address at Rev. Mr. Mann's service, at St. John's Church, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Friends:—I only knew late this afternoon that Mr. Mann proposed to have a service for mutes. Had I known it sooner I should have prepared something to say to you better than I can now put together in haste. We are preparing for Christmas, by keeping Advent. We believe that He who came is coming again. Unless we are prepared for His next coming we cannot properly honor His birthday. He came to take away our sins; and if we go on in sin we shall be wholly as bad as those Jews who used to welcome Him into the world. Christmas makes young and old happy in some degree; but, oh! how happy all the world would be if men loved God and their Saviour and lived to do as He commands. Sin makes all the unhappiness of mankind. Christians, even when they suffer, are not unhappy. They look for eternal life, with all its peace and joy, and like St. Paul, they reckon the sufferings of this present life a very short affliction before long glory and bliss.

The following is Bishop Coxe's brief address at Rev. Mr. Mann's service, at St. John's Church, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Friends:—I only knew late this afternoon that Mr. Mann proposed to have a service for mutes. Had I known it sooner I should have prepared something to say to you better than I can now put together in haste. We are preparing for Christmas, by keeping Advent. We believe that He who came is coming again. Unless we are prepared for His next coming we cannot properly honor His birthday. He came to take away our sins; and if we go on in sin we shall be wholly as bad as those Jews who used to welcome Him into the world. Christmas makes young and old happy in some degree; but, oh! how happy all the world would be if men loved God and their Saviour and lived to do as He commands. Sin makes all the unhappiness of mankind. Christians, even when they suffer, are not unhappy. They look for eternal life, with all its peace and joy, and like St. Paul, they reckon the sufferings of this present life a very short affliction before long glory and bliss.

The following is Bishop Coxe's brief address at Rev. Mr. Mann's service, at St. John's Church, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify our selves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 16 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I think it proper to give you some notes of my trip from Toronto to this city.

After a very pleasant sojourn of about a week, I bade good-bye to Toronto, taking the cars for Hamilton, Can., which city I reached last Wednesday afternoon, the same day.

I must not omit to say something important, which I ought to have said in my last letter. In Toronto, while I was taking tea with Mr. Walker, a speaking gentleman, by invitation, he told me that Her Highness the Princess of Wales is deaf, but can talk.

Mr. Walker is a very warm friend to the deaf-mutes of Canada; that is, he takes so deep an interest in their temporal and spiritual welfare that he would be glad if a suitable missionary could be obtained to conduct services among them permanently. He can spell on fingers as well as we do. With his very kind assistance, I had the pleasure and privilege of holding several services, for which I owe many sincere thanks to the Lord our God, who so kindly leads me from place to place. I am thankful that he and some of the leading citizens of Canada have given me a standing welcome to that Dominion to hold occasional services, subject to the decision of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. What firm confidence he has in this missionary's own movements, directed by the same God who so blessed his mission work.

The night before I left Toronto, I made a farewell address before the Toronto Deaf-mute Society, some of the members of which made very sensible replies.

Mr. Thomas Johnson, kindly offered me his spare room to spend the last night in because the depot is near his house. He looked as if he never ceased to smile. He smiles all the time. He spoke affectionately of his old teachers, the late Dr. P. H. Peet and his son, Dr. Isaac L. Peet.

Mr. John Brooks, who writes for your paper, is a fine-looking man, bearing a good resemblance to Prof. Atwood, of Newburyport, Mass.

Mrs. Howe, a fine speaking lady, with whom I have made my home, told me that she often saw the deaf and dumb Institution at Claremont, near her native city, Dublin, Ireland; and that it was a splendid edifice, worth visiting. She has a deaf-mute son, Charles J. Howe, a graduate of the Belleville school, who has just subscribed for the JOURNAL.

I have procured for you four new subscribers. Your old subscribers in Canada told me that they were much pleased with your paper.

At Hamilton I met with several deaf-mutes for whom it would have given me great pleasure to have officiated, but for want of time which prevented me from doing so. There I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. J. McGann, son of Mr. McGann, the founder of the Belleville Institution. Rev. Mr. Curran, of that place, told me that he would be glad to let me have his church, but his only difficulty was time; that is, he had arranged everything. So I told him that I thought I had better postpone it until next summer, to which he replied "All right." I found him a nice gentleman and a true Christian. Mr. McGann is one of his people.

I was much surprised at the fine appearance of the city of Hamilton, the population of which is 40,000.

It gave me great surprise to see so many fine towns in Canada, because, before going there, I used to think it a poor cultivated country, with few small towns. Truly every place was the reverse. About three hours after leaving Hamilton we passed over the Suspension Bridge. I admired the majestic grandeur of Niagara Falls very much indeed, but I could not approach them on account of the cold weather, snow and sheet. The falls looked very grand in the light of the white snow, with which the ground was covered around them. I regretted to have to deny myself the pleasure of going much nearer on that account, but I shall have that pleasure next summer on my way to Canada again. I arrived here last Thursday afternoon, after a mission work of one month in Canada.

On my arrival here I found myself a stranger, but in two or three hours I had become acquainted with six deaf-mutes, viz: Mr. Volker, Mrs. Seigfried, Mrs. Sarah W. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. Kowald, and Miss Whalen.

I first met Mr. Volker at his home, who took me to see Mrs. Seigfried. This lady was educated at the New York Institution, and owns a good deal of property in this city, which her father left at his death. He was once a soldier under Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte I. I found her very pleasant to talk with.

While I was at her house Mrs. Preston came to see her, and I took her by surprise. She and her brother, David White, were once with me at the Hart-ford school. Mrs. Preston enjoys the honor of a grandmother; that is, she has four grand children.

Mr. Volker and Mrs. Preston conducted me to see Mr. and Mrs. Kowald, who said they were glad to meet me, because they had often heard of me. I passed the evening with my newly-formed friends very pleasantly, and found them civil and communicative. Mr. Kowald is a nice young man and Mrs. Kowald is a young lady. They have been married but one year.

Last Friday forenoon I visited the Le Conteux St. Mary's Institution for Deaf-Mutes, in this city, and Superior Mary Ann, the principal, gave me a

most hearty welcome with a very pleasant countenance, telling me that she was very glad to see me as she had often heard of me. She said she had an idea that I was a speaking man, but to her great surprise she found me deaf and dumb. She was so much engaged with her annual report that she had to direct two of the Sisters to conduct me through every part of the institution, which they did well, to my great pleasure.

The two Sisters, Mary Isadore and Mary Elizabeth, told me that they recognized me because they met me at the New York Institution some years ago. They showed me everything worth seeing. The institution has a very fine chapel, in which Superior Mary Ann, Sister Mary Isadore, and Sister Mary Elizabeth conduct services by turns. They can spell on their fingers, and make signs as well as we do. There is a printing-office in the institution, of which one of the Sisters takes charge, like a man. Some of the deaf-mute girls set type there. Shoe-making, tailoring, printing, dress-making, caning seats for chairs and plain sewing are taught there. I was much pleased to find everything well arranged. I had the great pleasure of taking dinner within the walls of the institution. Miss Mary Kierman, a deaf-mute, once an inmate of the New York Institution, has, I am told, been connected with the institution as a teacher for almost 18 years. I found her intelligent. She looks happy where she is. On taking leave of the institution, Superior Mary Ann told me that she would always be happy to see me.

Last Friday night Rev. Mr. Mann, the missionary to deaf-mutes in the West, held a service at St. John's in conjunction with Bishop Cox, who made us a short but appropriate address through Mr. Mann, who interpreted it by signs. At the close of the service the bishop shook hands with each of his silent listeners.

Mr. Thomas Johnson, kindly offered me his spare room to spend the last night in because the depot is near his house. He looked as if he never ceased to smile. He smiles all the time. He spoke affectionately of his old teachers, the late Dr. P. H. Peet and his son, Dr. Isaac L. Peet.

Mr. John Brooks, who writes for your paper, is a fine-looking man, bearing a good resemblance to Prof. Atwood, of Newburyport, Mass.

Mrs. Howe, a fine speaking lady, with whom I have made my home, told me that she often saw the deaf and dumb Institution at Claremont, near her native city, Dublin, Ireland; and that it was a splendid edifice, worth visiting. She has a deaf-mute son, Charles J. Howe, a graduate of the Belleville school, who has just subscribed for the JOURNAL.

I have procured for you four new subscribers. Your old subscribers in Canada told me that they were much pleased with your paper.

At Hamilton I met with several deaf-mutes for whom it would have given me great pleasure to have officiated, but for want of time which prevented me from doing so. There I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. J. McGann, son of Mr. McGann, the founder of the Belleville Institution. Rev. Mr. Curran, of that place, told me that he would be glad to let me have his church, but his only difficulty was time; that is, he had arranged everything. So I told him that I thought I had better postpone it until next summer, to which he replied "All right." I found him a nice gentleman and a true Christian. Mr. McGann is one of his people.

I was much surprised at the fine appearance of the city of Hamilton, the population of which is 40,000.

It gave me great surprise to see so many fine towns in Canada, because, before going there, I used to think it a poor cultivated country, with few small towns. Truly every place was the reverse. About three hours after leaving Hamilton we passed over the Suspension Bridge. I admired the majestic grandeur of Niagara Falls very much indeed, but I could not approach them on account of the cold weather, snow and sheet. The falls looked very grand in the light of the white snow, with which the ground was covered around them. I regretted to have to deny myself the pleasure of going much nearer on that account, but I shall have that pleasure next summer on my way to Canada again. I arrived here last Thursday afternoon, after a mission work of one month in Canada.

On my arrival here I found myself a stranger, but in two or three hours I had become acquainted with six deaf-mutes, viz: Mr. Volker, Mrs. Seigfried, Mrs. Sarah W. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. Kowald, and Miss Whalen.

I first met Mr. Volker at his home, who took me to see Mrs. Seigfried. This lady was educated at the New York Institution, and owns a good deal of property in this city, which her father left at his death. He was once a soldier under Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte I. I found her very pleasant to talk with.

While I was at her house Mrs. Preston came to see her, and I took her by surprise. She and her brother, David White, were once with me at the Hart-ford school. Mrs. Preston enjoys the honor of a grandmother; that is, she has four grand children.

Mr. Volker and Mrs. Preston conducted me to see Mr. and Mrs. Kowald, who said they were glad to meet me, because they had often heard of me. I passed the evening with my newly-formed friends very pleasantly, and found them civil and communicative. Mr. Kowald is a nice young man and Mrs. Kowald is a young lady. They have been married but one year.

Last Friday forenoon I visited the Le Conteux St. Mary's Institution for Deaf-Mutes, in this city, and Superior Mary Ann, the principal, gave me a

trice, born the 6th of June, 1872; and Princess Maria Victoria Feodore Leopoldine, born the 24th of May, 1874.

The deceased princess was one of the most unobtrusive of women, and seems to have taken more interest in the regulation of her family affairs than in ruling the fashions of her court. Doubtless she made an excellent wife, as well as Grand Duchess, for her Gracious Majesty reared her children to appreciate the duties of womanhood, teaching her home training so far as to teach her daughters how to mend their own clothes and handle culinary utensils. The Grand Duchess has not been so prominently before the public of late years as her elder and three younger sisters, but the English heart does not become forgetful through absence, and her Royal Highness' death will be mourned by the sorrowing nation.

Concerning the illness of the Princess, we know only what has been briefly telegraphed. If we mistake not, the family of her Royal Highness have lately been suffering from diphtheria, and presumably the mother caught the infectious disease while waiting upon them. On Monday last her malady was so serious as to occasion grave alarm. On Tuesday the symptoms did not give relief to anxiety. On Wednesday and Thursday she rallied somewhat, but yesterday her condition was such as to leave almost no hope. About 2:30 a. m. to-day she became unconscious, and gradually sank until the end came at half-past seven o'clock. This is the anniversary of the death of her beloved father, the Prince Consort, who died at Windsor Castle the 14th of December, 1861—a remarkable coincidence. Yours respectfully,

JOHN BROOKS.

Toronto, Can., Dec. 17, 1878.

ROCHESTER NOTES.

WESTERN NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR DEAF-MUTES.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 18, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I am seated in Principal Westervelt's office to-night to give you some notes of my short but pleasant sojourn in this beautiful city, which is, I am told, often called the "Flower City."

Last Monday night, the 16th inst., I got here, and received a most cordial welcome from the energetic principal and his officers, with all of whom I have been making my delightful home ever since my arrival at this institution.

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Westervelt and myself went to the city, about two miles from this institution. Mr. Westervelt and myself went to see Professor Hart, one of the speaking teachers, on business. The professor very kindly assisted me in arranging for my service at once. He showed me some very fine public buildings, among which was the Powers block, which is said to be the finest in the United States. We met Mr. Powers by chance, who admitted us to his very costly Art Gallery, in the block, free of charge. We saw a good many elaborately painted pictures which excited my admiration. If I were a good artist, like my friend Mr. Carlin, I would copy from some of them. This reminds me of a deaf-mute lady artist in Paris. She was, one day, sitting in one of the most celebrated art galleries in Europe, copying from a certain oil picture of uncommon beauty, when an American tourist saw her and spoke to her, but she was so much absorbed in her work that she did not notice anybody. Some one told her that she was deaf and dumb, and he was surprised to find her dressed like a lady.

The block cost Mr. Powers one million of dollars. There are two hundred rooms there for offices, and when they are all occupied, it will make a miniature city of the block. Mr. Powers is a Rochester boy, and is a short man.

Mr. Turner has been in the "Queen City of the West" for a week, and I trust that he enjoyed himself very well and was kindly treated by the deaf-mutes of this city. God will bless his noble work among the deaf-mutes. Mr. Mason, a mute artist, took Mr. Turner to a photograph gallery to get some of his photographs taken, and all of the deaf-mutes are willing to have some more for themselves. We are trying to make Toronto his home and get a salary from the Ontario Government. We hope his noble work will be successful in this Province among the deaf-mutes. Mr. Turner's sign language was graceful, and understood by all the mutes in the city.

The death of the Princess Alice was reported on Saturday afternoon, the 14th inst. On the anniversary of the decease of her father the Princess Louise is afflicted by the death of her sister, the Princess Alice Maud Mary of Hesse, a bereavement in which she is the most unobtrusive of women, and she lives with her parents in the city. I had the pleasure of taking dinner with them this evening, and found them very pleasant. I would stay here longer, because I wish to make many more friends, but I must go to my duties to-morrow morning. However, I hope I shall have that pleasure next time if spared.

I have visited all the classes and was much pleased with them. The pupils are all required to think in words; that is, they are all required to convey their ideas on their fingers. Professor Westervelt, or one of his assistant teachers, says prayers on his fingers instead of by signs as the others do. At his request I said mine in the same way. He says he always gives the pupils two or three verses every morning by spelling them out on his own plan, and they study them, at will, to commit them to memory and repeat them the next morning at prayers.

Professor Hart is a young gentleman of very pleasant manners. He takes charge of the first class in this institution, but he lives with his parents in the city. I had the pleasure of taking dinner with them this evening, and found them very pleasant. I would stay here longer, because I wish to make many more friends, but I must go to my duties to-morrow morning. However, I hope I shall have that pleasure next time if spared.

I have visited all the classes and was much pleased with them. The pupils are all required to think in words; that is, they are all required to convey their ideas on their fingers. Professor Westervelt, or one of his assistant teachers, says prayers on his fingers instead of by signs as the others do. At his request I said mine in the same way. He says he always gives the pupils two or three verses every morning by spelling them out on his own plan, and they study them, at will, to commit them to memory and repeat them the next morning at prayers.

In March, 1866, the legislature made the first appropriation for building purposes, and in November following the corner stone of the north wing, the one at the right of the observer facing the cut, was laid in the presence of State officers and a large number of citizens. This wing was planned to accommodate fifty pupils, including both sexes.

On the 17th of March, 1868, the old basswood house in the city was deserted, and the new building on the bluff, with its cheerful, airy apartments, was occupied for the first time. During the same year fifty-eight pupils were admitted, and it became necessary to initiate measures for the erection of another wing. Five years later (1873), the south wing was erected, furnished and occupied by sixty male pupils and eight assistant officers.

In 1863 the legislature passed an act for the education of the blind children of the State, in connection with the deaf and dumb, hence the title, when properly expressed—The Minnesota Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind.

In July, 1866, three blind pupils entered the school, and for want of room, were cared for and taught in a building separate and apart from the deaf-mutes. In this manner the blind were provided for in the Fitzgerald and the Tanner houses till the 13th of May, 1868, when they moved into the north wing, and remained with the deaf and dumb until Sept. 9, 1874.

On account of the increase of pupils of both classes and the crowded condition of the building occupied by the deaf-mutes, and especially on account of the necessary embarrassments and difficulties arising from the care and education of these two classes together, new and separate quarters were provided for the blind in the old Faribault place, and a blind department organized, to accommodate fifty pupils, including both sexes.

The principal is assisted by ten speaking teachers. All of them are well-educated ladies except two, Professor Hart and Mr. Ellis, both speaking gentlemen.

Immediately after my arrival here I was much surprised to meet my old friend, Mr. Sidney H. Howard, because I had an idea that he was teaching his private school at home. He is now

connected with this institution, being supervisor of the boys. The principal speaks very favorably of him as supervisor, and has very firm confidence in him.

I have just returned from meeting at a service for deaf-mutes in St. Luke's Church. Besides the good number of deaf-mute graduates, some of the pupils attended the service in spite of the snow, which was falling heavily. The principal cheerfully allowed them to attend the meeting. After service we waded about half a mile through the snow, less than one foot deep. The young deaf-mute ladies did not mind the weather at all. Among my silent listeners, were Messrs. John A. Coker, Howard, De Young, and several other gentlemen, and Misses Sherlock, Hattie Johnson, Mary A. Carroll, Winkoop and Mrs. Acker and some other ladies. I had one of the finest deaf-mute audiences that I ever had.

The kind-hearted matron has left her office at my disposal during my three days' sojourn here, and converted her lounge into a sleeping one for me to spend the night on, for which she has many sincere thanks. She was once matron of the Ohio Institution for about 16 years, if I do not mistake. She must have had many years' experience as matron. I venture to say that her place could not be easily filled. This institution was removed to this place last August. This afternoon I received pleasant calls from Messrs. Acker and De Young, and had pleasant conversations with them on various subjects. They are both married. Mr. Acker conducts services as a lay reader every Sunday afternoon in what is called the deaf-mute's chapel, of St. Luke's Church. He is a tall, fine-looking gentleman. I shall be sorry when I bid good-bye to the City of Flowers in the morning. Then I shall be bound for Geneva to be the guest of a well-known deaf-mute millionaire, N. Denton Esq., for a day or two.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN TURNER.

THE MINNESOTA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

This institution has excited so much interest and received so cordial a support, on the part of the State, that no apology is necessary in laying before the public at this time a brief history of the enterprise and a description of the building, now fast approaching completion.

As early as 1857 the citizens of Faribault gave substantial evidence of their faith and interest in such a school by offering to donate forty acres of land for the use and benefit of said institution when located in their midst. In view of this the State legislature at their first session, in 1858, passed an act establishing the Minnesota State Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb to be located within two miles of the town of Faribault, in the county of Rice, provided said town, or county, should donate to the State forty acres of land for the location, use, and benefit of said institution within one year after the passage of this act.

Mr. Powers by chance, who admitted us to his very costly Art Gallery, in the block, free of charge. We saw a good many elaborately painted pictures which excited my admiration. If I were a good artist, like my friend Mr. Carlin, I would copy from some of them. This reminds me of a deaf-mute lady artist in Paris. She was, one day, sitting in one of the most celebrated art galleries in Europe, copying from a certain oil picture of uncommon beauty, when an American tourist saw her and spoke to her, but she was so much absorbed in her work that she did not notice anybody. Some one told her that she was deaf and dumb, and he was surprised to find her dressed like a lady.

The block cost Mr. Powers one million of dollars. There are two hundred rooms there for offices, and when they are all occupied, it will make a miniature city of the block. Mr. Powers is a Rochester boy, and is a short man.

Mr. Turner has been in the "Queen City of the West" for a week, and I trust that he enjoyed himself very well and was kindly treated by the deaf-mutes of this city. God will bless his noble work among the deaf-mutes. Mr. Mason, a mute artist, took Mr. Turner to a photograph gallery to get some of his photographs taken, and all of the deaf-mutes are willing to have some more for themselves. We are trying to make Toronto his home and get a salary from the Ontario Government. We hope his noble work will be successful in this Province among the deaf-mutes. Mr. Turner's sign language was graceful, and understood by all the mutes in the city.

The death of the Princess Alice was reported on Saturday afternoon, the 14th inst. On the anniversary of the decease of her father the Princess Louise is afflicted by the death of her sister, the Princess Alice Maud Mary of Hesse, a bereavement in which she is the most unobtrusive of women, and she lives with her parents in the city. I had the pleasure of taking dinner with them this evening, and found them very pleasant. I would stay here longer,

Correspondence.

Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.

A LETTER FROM CONNECTICUT.

THOMASTON, Conn., Dec. 12, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—With much pleasure I will give you some news that you may want for your excellent paper.

In Bridgeport, this State, Mr. Ephraim McEwen, a graduate of the American Asylum, in 1832, died on the 6th of October last, and left a wife (mute) and children to mourn their loss. He was a respectable man, and for many years a good working man for the Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine Company.

Although the times in Waterbury have been rather hard, Messrs. Isaac and James R. Hine are quite prosperous in their own shoe-making business. I am happy to inform your readers that they will have "a Christmas tree party" at their house on Christmas Eve. They hope that every thing will go on very pleasantly. *All are welcome.*

Mr. Charles F. Saxe is a much experienced spoon-maker, and is making handsome wages. Mr. Mortimer L. Seaman, formerly of Bridgeport, is an apprentice in that trade, and is doing well. With much regret, I say that Irene Hitchcock, of Southington, a graduate of the American Asylum, in 1822, has been an inmate of the poor-house in that town for many years. I presume that she has not seen any deaf-mutes for many till last summer, for she could hardly spell her own name, and had nearly forgotten how to talk by signs. I hope that Rev. Thomas Gallaudet will be kind enough to take her to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, where she may feel at home. It is very hard for her to be left alone among the speaking people who don't care a bit for her. She is over 83 years old.

Miss Clarinda Flagg, daughter of Mr. Wm. B. Flagg, the master of the shoe department at the American Asylum, was here visiting Mr. and Mrs. Crossman for a few days last week. Mr. Jonathan Marsh, formerly of Boston, is going to Boston to make his wife a visit for about a week. He expects to have her come down and keep house here in the spring if nothing happens. He has been a "grass widow" for nearly a year, and it would be much pleasanter for him if she was here.

On the Monday before Christmas I expect to go to Fort Plain, N. Y., where I will make my brother and sister a visit for a week or more, if circumstances do not prevent. I would be very happy to have some muted, living there and in that vicinity, call upon me so that I may get acquainted with them. They may call upon me at Mr. Wm. Tiffany's.

Yours truly,
E. C. OULD.

A LETTER FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

TORONTO, Can., Dec. 10, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I arrived here last Friday at 11:30 a.m., met a speaking gentleman, Mr. Walker, and was assigned a home at a very nice lady's house.

Mr. Walker is Secretary and Treasurer of the deaf-mute society, and takes a deep interest in the moral, intellectual, and religious condition of the deaf-mutes of this large city, the population being 75,000.

Last Friday night I was present at the special meeting of the deaf-mute society, according to appointment, and made an impromptu speech on various subjects.

Last Saturday night I made a speech at a meeting of the same society on the reading and study of the holy Scriptures.

Last Sunday afternoon I had the privilege and pleasure of conducting a service in St. James' Cathedral, about twice as large as Christ or Trinity Church, Hartford, in which church was assembled a large number of deaf-mutes, the church being well filled. My text was based on Psalm cxviii: 18—"The Lord is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy." The same night I officiated at the meeting in their hall, the subject being the mercy of God. I shall make the last address to-night. I leave town to-morrow.

I need not tell you about the deaf-mutes, as your correspondent, Mr. Brooks, has already written about them for the JOURNAL. I can only say that the personal appearance of the deaf-mutes is very pleasant. There are eight deaf-mute families and eight deaf-mute printers in this city. One of the printers, Mr. Lewis, is said to be the fastest type-setter in America.

My old pupil Mr. James Crowl, a printer in Staunton, Va., sets type with the rapidity of lightning. I believe he would beat Mr. Lewis if he were to challenge him. He has very sharp eyes like a fox.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

MICHIGAN DEAF-MUTE CHIPS.

FLINT, Mich., Dec. 12, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A deaf and dumb German boy, aged about ten, had traveled alone all the way from Omaha, Nebraska. He was picked up in Detroit by the police, and was sent to the German Norris Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb November 30th. A card was written in German and attached to his hat.

John Cahill, of Detroit, (a mute) was sent to the House of Correction for six months on account of habitual drunkenness.

John Scheble is a German mute. Perhaps the New York readers of the

JOURNAL will be glad to hear that he is doing very well. He is a cabinet-maker by occupation. He came here from over the great ocean about thirty years ago. He has been a teacher at a German institution for the deaf and dumb. He now lives in Hamilton, ten miles from Flint. His second wife is uneducated. He has four children. He has taken two first premium diplomas at the Genesee County Fair, in 1875 and 1876, for the best fanning mills.

Halsey Wilbur, one of the Michigan Institution graduates, has been a hard-working man on a farm during the past hot weather. He thinks of buying a farm of about forty acres of land next spring.

The new house of Prof. Thomas L. Brown has recently been completed. He and his wife have just moved in to it, and they are prepared to give the professor's higher class a social and tea. A good time is expected.

Willie A. Thayer and the writer went out hunting, 10 miles west from here, this fall. We had a long trap, and got very hungry. So we stopped at a nicely-painted house to get something to eat. To our surprise, there was a good sized and appreciative audience anxious to witness the contest, never before witnessed in that town.

It was 7 o'clock when the pedestrians started off, at an easy gait, amid the applause of the spectators, and the excitement which the contest kindled among them was very intense. The mute got one lap ahead of the other pedestrian before he had made one mile, and the other made many spurts to keep up with the mute, who walked faster, and the mute walked on faster and faster till he had made 11 miles and a half in two hours, when he was compelled to rest for half an hour, he having made one lap ahead of the other because the other spurred many times to get even with him. Had the other not made a sprint the mute would have been a mile ahead of him, during the time he had been walking. Many thought that the mute must have the power of endurance, for he had not drunk any thing during the contest, as professional pedestrians generally do.

The mute, who left the track for half an hour, told me that he did not feel tired, and felt much like walking many more miles.

Some young men suggested that the pedestrians should walk no longer on account of the soreness of the speaking pedestrian's foot, which bothered him much, and the mute accepted the suggestion. Therefore two fresh hands were put on the track, but I did not see them, and I walked home, well satisfied with the result of the match.

I understand that Mr. Woolever got a \$10. prize.

There was a great walking match in this city between Miss Von Berg, a professional pedestrian of Rochester, N. Y., and Mr. MacConnell, a fine young amateur pedestrian of Watertown, N. Y. It commenced at 8 o'clock in the evening of November 24th, and closed at 11 o'clock in the evening of November 25th. Mr. MacConnell was to walk 120 miles in 27 hours, while Miss Von Berg was walking 100 during the same time, at Washington Hall. MacConnell said that the reason why he challenged Miss Von Berg to accomplish 120 miles to her 100 was because the steps he takes in walking were about one foot longer than her's.

They started off in the best of spirits, and, during the match, the excitement intensified, and it was much fun to see many pretty ladies standing upon benches to cheer him and encourage him, for he is a Watertownian.

Mr. MacConnell and Miss Von Berg left the track at 7 o'clock in the morning of November 25th for two hours, MacConnell having made 52 miles and Miss Von Berg 50 miles, and therefore he was two miles ahead. MacConnell said he felt much better after walking the distance, and felt confident that he would accomplish the 120th mile at 11 o'clock in the evening of November 25th. MacConnell had to leave the track for one hour late in the afternoon, for his right foot was getting so sore that it needed treatment, and he was three miles ahead of Miss Von Berg when he left the track for that purpose. Miss Von Berg still walked, and got even with him when he returned to the track. They were absent from the track for supper, and Miss Von Berg appeared on the track at 7 o'clock P.M., and MacConnell returned to the track half an hour later, when his foot was much relieved.

In the evening the hall was over-crowded, and there was not a foot of space left in the hall. It was 20 minutes to 11 o'clock when MacConnell had made the 100th mile, he being 6 laps ahead of Miss Von Berg, and she walked on till she got through. Mr. MacConnell said it was not from the lack of his physical strength that he could not accomplish the 120th mile as announced in the newspapers, but it was because his foot gave out when he had made the 100th mile.

I must say that his power of endurance was very remarkable, for he had never been used to walking more than 50 miles. He was made the present of an elegant gold watch and chain as the token of the high esteem in which he was held by all, who rejoiced at his victory over Miss Von Berg.

An entertainment was gotten up for the benefit of Miss Von Berg last Thanksgiving night, and the balance of the receipts of the entertainment went to Miss Von Berg, after paying the rent of the hall, and the other expenses, and she felt happy over the result. A young doctor, of this city, challenged her to walk 30 miles to her in 25 in five hours that night, and made 27 miles and a half when she had walked 25, in five hours.

I would like to challenge Mr. E. E. Miles, of Syracuse, N. Y., to walk 14 miles to his 12 in 24 hours for a pound of trout, of which you know he is fearfully fond. Will he accept the

WALKING MATCH.

WATERBURY, N. Y., Dec. 8, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mr. Fred Woolever, a young mute, of Brownsville, N. Y., sent me word that there was to be a prize walking match between him and another man Saturday night, December 7th, in Brownsville, and they were to accomplish the feat of walking 25 miles in five hours, and the one who could make the distance quicker than the other would receive the prize. Mr. Woolever said he would try his best to win the prize by accomplishing the 25 miles inside of five hours, and at the same time before the other man could make it.

Last night I walked four miles to Brownsville, with Mr. Beans, a mute, the distance being made in 45 minutes, and I found that the laying of the track where those amateur pedestrians were to walk had been finished, and I was told that 42 laps made one mile, the contest would commence at 7 o'clock and conclude at mid-night. There was a good sized and appreciative audience anxious to witness the contest, never before witnessed in that town.

It was 7 o'clock when the pedestrians started off, at an easy gait, amid the applause of the spectators, and the excitement which the contest kindled among them was very intense. The mute got one lap ahead of the other pedestrian before he had made one mile, and the other made many spurts to keep up with the mute, who walked faster, and the mute walked on faster and faster till he had made 11 miles and a half in two hours, when he was compelled to rest for half an hour, he having made one lap ahead of the other because the other spurred many times to get even with him. Had the other not made a sprint the mute would have been a mile ahead of him, during the time he had been walking. Many thought that the mute must have the power of endurance, for he had not drunk any thing during the contest, as professional pedestrians generally do.

The mute, who left the track for half an hour, told me that he did not feel tired, and felt much like walking many more miles.

Some young men suggested that the pedestrians should walk no longer on account of the soreness of the speaking pedestrian's foot, which bothered him much, and the mute accepted the suggestion. Therefore two fresh hands were put on the track, but I did not see them, and I walked home, well satisfied with the result of the match.

I understand that Mr. Woolever got a \$10. prize.

There was a great walking match in this city between Miss Von Berg, a professional pedestrian of Rochester, N. Y., and Mr. MacConnell, a fine young amateur pedestrian of Watertown, N. Y. It commenced at 8 o'clock in the evening of November 24th, and closed at 11 o'clock in the evening of November 25th. Mr. MacConnell was to walk 120 miles in 27 hours, while Miss Von Berg was walking 100 during the same time, at Washington Hall. MacConnell said that the reason why he challenged Miss Von Berg to accomplish 120 miles to her 100 was because the steps he takes in walking were about one foot longer than her's.

They started off in the best of spirits, and, during the match, the excitement intensified, and it was much fun to see many pretty ladies standing upon benches to cheer him and encourage him, for he is a Watertownian.

Mr. MacConnell and Miss Von Berg left the track at 7 o'clock in the morning of November 25th for two hours, MacConnell having made 52 miles and Miss Von Berg 50 miles, and therefore he was two miles ahead. MacConnell said he felt much better after walking the distance, and felt confident that he would accomplish the 120th mile at 11 o'clock in the evening of November 25th. MacConnell had to leave the track for one hour late in the afternoon, for his right foot was getting so sore that it needed treatment, and he was three miles ahead of Miss Von Berg when he left the track for that purpose. Miss Von Berg still walked, and got even with him when he returned to the track. They were absent from the track for supper, and Miss Von Berg appeared on the track at 7 o'clock P.M., and MacConnell returned to the track half an hour later, when his foot was much relieved.

In the evening the hall was over-crowded, and there was not a foot of space left in the hall. It was 20 minutes to 11 o'clock when MacConnell had made the 100th mile, he being 6 laps ahead of Miss Von Berg, and she walked on till she got through. Mr. MacConnell said it was not from the lack of his physical strength that he could not accomplish the 120th mile as announced in the newspapers, but it was because his foot gave out when he had made the 100th mile.

I must say that his power of endurance was very remarkable, for he had never been used to walking more than 50 miles. He was made the present of an elegant gold watch and chain as the token of the high esteem in which he was held by all, who rejoiced at his victory over Miss Von Berg.

An entertainment was gotten up for the benefit of Miss Von Berg last Thanksgiving night, and the balance of the receipts of the entertainment went to Miss Von Berg, after paying the rent of the hall, and the other expenses, and she felt happy over the result. A young doctor, of this city, challenged her to walk 30 miles to her in 25 in five hours that night, and made 27 miles and a half when she had walked 25, in five hours.

I would like to challenge Mr. E. E. Miles, of Syracuse, N. Y., to walk 14 miles to his 12 in 24 hours for a pound of trout, of which you know he is fearfully fond. Will he accept the

challenge? Last June he and I walked nine miles, from Williamstown, N. Y., to Redfield after trout, and I must say that he was quite a walker. The walking match should be in the town hall in your town.

Yours truly,

C. O. U.

CONDENSED NEWS.

—Gold sold at par in New York on the 17th inst., for the first time since 1862.

—Four Hindoo women have been graduated from the Madras Medical College.

—A fire in Morris & Cohn's corset manufactory, New York, December 17th, produced a loss of \$35,000.

—Fox, Walker & Co., of the Atlas Engine Works, Bristol, Eng., have failed, with liabilities of £60,000.

—Mrs. A. T. Stewart and Judge Tilton make donations to over fifty different charitable institutions this year.

—Consul-General Colburn died in Mexico December 2d, aged 45 years. He was a good citizen and correspondent of the New York *Times*.

—The demand for Government bonds has lately been very active. On the 17th inst., the First National Bank of New York alone sold over \$5,000,000 worth.

—Policeman Wells, of New York, died December 17th, worth \$50,000. He was formerly a Methodist minister, and entered the police force for the good of the cause of religion.

—The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* figures up the tonnage lost on the lakes in 1878 at 13,936 tons, valued at \$384,000. In 1877, says the paper, it was 20,312 tons, valued at \$672,100.

—James McDonnell and Charles Sharpe, Mollie Maguire, who were to be hung at Mauch Chunk, Pa., December 18th, have been reprieved by Governor Hartman till January 14th.

—Four negroes, confined in the Lake City, Fla., Court-House for arson and robbery at Mount Carrie, were taken out at 3 a.m. one morning, two of them shot dead and the third mortally wounded. The other escaped, but was afterwards captured and given up to the authorities.

—Appointments of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Prof. Job Turner for January and February, 1879.

Frederick City, Md., Jan. 8, 1879.

Romney, W. Va., " 9 & 10 "

Staunton, Va., " 11, 12 & 13 "

Richmond, Va., " 15 "

Petersburg, Va., " 16 "

Raleigh, N. C., " 19 "

Cedar Springs, S. C., " 21 "

Athens, Ga., " 23 "

Atlanta, Ga., " 26 "

Knoxville, Tenn., " 28 "

Cave Spring, Ga., " 30 "

Talladega, Ala., " 31 "

Montgomery, Ala., Feb. 2, " 4 "

Mobile, Ala., " 7, " 9 "

New Orleans, La., " 11, " 13 "

Savannah, Ga., " 13, " 14 "

Charleston, S. C., " 14, " 16 "

Columbia, S. C., " 16, " 19 "

Wilmington, N. C., " 19, " 23 "

Norfolk, Va., " 19, " 23 "

Baltimore, Md., " 23 "

Prof. Job Turner will officiate in Baltimore, and Dr. Gallaudet in New York, on the 23d of February. Mr. Turner expects to itinerate through Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee during the months of March, April and May. Then he will take the New England field again for the summer and a part of the fall. He has gone to Canada for two or three weeks at the request of W. J. Palmer, principal of the Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, who takes so deep